

SLEEPLESSNESS AND NERVE EXHAUSTION PRODUCED BY INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

Two Cases in Gladwin County, Mich., Cited to Prove the fact that Nerve Debility can be Treated with a Nerve Food Successfully.

DO NOT USE A STIMULANT, USE A NERVE FOOD.

From the Courier-Herald, Saginaw, Mich.

In the long list of diseases that human flesh is heir to, none perhaps are more painful than inflammatory rheumatism and its attendant ills. The sufferer lies racked by pains that seem unbearable and many times even death itself would be a relief. Tortured by pains that seem beyond human skill to drive away or even alleviate, the wretched sufferer tosses on a bed of pain, hoping that something may be found to release him from the thralls of that dreaded malady. A case of this character recently came under the observation of a representative of the *Courier-Herald*, while he chanced to be in the thriving, little town of Gladwin, the county seat of Gladwin county, Michigan. While there he heard of the case of Mrs. William Flynn, who had been a victim of inflammatory rheumatism in its severest form and had endured untold sufferings from it. It had drawn her hands out of shape until they resembled bird's claws. She had fallen away in flesh until she was almost a living skeleton and her sufferings were so great and constant that she became a victim of sleeplessness. All of these troubles contrived to make her condition most alarming and she became the victim of hallucinations, seeing terrible things and fancied dangers everywhere.

Then, at a time when the most serious consequences were threatened, she was induced to try a remarkable remedy that had cured one of her friends and after a short time a happy termination of her terrible illness was secured. Asked in regard to her trouble and its treatment Mrs. Flynn responded as follows: "Two years ago I had a terrible attack of inflammatory rheumatism that prostrated me utterly so that I was entirely helpless. The trouble was in a very violent form and drew my hands out of all shape. It also affected my lower limbs, which became badly swollen and helpless. I had had attacks of rheumatism several times before but none so violent as this. I had constant pains in the joints and violent headaches. There were also times when I had chills very severe and these were followed by periods of violent perspiration that was exceedingly profuse and weakened my constitution. This condition kept on for about three months.

One day a lady friend who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People with great benefit, met my little girl on the street and on learning of my condition advised me to get some Pink Pills and take them. I got a box and began to use them according to directions. After two or three doses they acted very clearly on my nervousness. I had not been able to sleep for a long time and this was beginning to tell on me very severely. I had fallen away in flesh until I was very thin and weak and my hands were hardly more than skin and bone. As I said after two or three doses of Pink Pills they began to quiet my nervousness, and I could sleep. I continued to gain so that in a few months I was again able to be up and do my own work. The rheumatism has nearly left me. I am free from the pains in the head and at night I can get beautiful and refreshing sleep. These pills have done a great deal of good for me and I cannot speak too highly of them. There are also other cases around me where they have been used and they have acted beneficially as they did in my own case. I cannot say too much for them and say these few words of testimony in order that others who are suffering as I was, may try them and get relief."

Recently, while a representative of the *Courier-Herald* was at the thriving village of Gladwin, Gladwin County, he heard of a case of this nature and that it had yielded to a short treatment with a celebrated remedy, the name of which has become a household word in every hamlet, village and city in the land. The victim of this unusually severe case of nervous trouble was Ransom Simmons, an old and well-known resident of the village. His nervous condition had grown worse and worse, until the slightest unusual noise, or even the opening of a door would almost drive him frantic. Skilled physicians had studied over his case and prescribed the usual remedies, but their efforts were unavailing, and the patient continued to get worse.

Finally, one day in reading a newspaper, he encountered an item in regard to a case somewhat similar to his own, and read with great interest of the means by which it had been cured. He at once decided to try the remedy, and did so. As to the results of his use, we can do better than quote Mr. Simmons' own words. When asked to narrate his experience, he spoke as follows: "As the result of a long, continued illness I became the victim of nervous debility in its most violent form about four years ago. It kept growing worse and worse until I had become so nervous that the least noise around the house, or the entrance of anyone into the house, would throw me into a violent nervous paroxysm. I tried medicines for the trouble, but was not relieved. Finally, I read in a Detroit, Michigan paper about a cure of a trouble somewhat similar to mine, effected by a medicine known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and decided to give these pills a trial. After I had taken a box of the pills, my nervousness began to be relieved, and after taking ten boxes of Pink Pills I was so well that I discontinued their use, and have not had to use them or anything for nervous troubles for two years past. In my case they acted quickly and effectively on my nervous troubles, and they proved an efficient and reliable remedy. Since using them I have recommended them to others and they have used them with great benefit."

Mrs. Simmons corroborated her husband's statements, and was earnest in her good words for the remarkable remedy that had been the means of affording her husband much needed rest, and had freed him from the violent nervous debility that had made his life miserable. Many cases similar to this one of Mr. Simmons' have been noted, wherein Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been used with eminently satisfactory and speedy results, and liability to frequent and excessive nervous excitement has been readily relieved and the shattered nerves built up and restored to a normal, healthy condition. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of influenza, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schraectady, N. Y.



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There was something of this strange and fateful resignation in his face, a few hours later, when he was able to be helped again into the saddle. But he could see in the eyes of the few comrades who commiseratingly took leave of him a vague, half-repressed awe of some indefinite weakness in the man that mingled with their heart-felt devotion to a gallant soldier. Yet even this touched him no longer. He cast a glance at the house and at the room where he had parted from her, at the slope from which she had passed, and rode away.

And then, as his figure disappeared down the road, the restrained commentary of wonder, surprise and criticism broke out:

"It must have been something mighty bad, for the old man, who swears by him, looked rather troubled. And it was deuced queer, you know, this changing clothes with somebody—just before the surprise!"

"Nonsense! It's something away back of that! Didn't you hear the old man say that the orders for him to report himself came from Washington last night? No," the speaker lowered his voice. "Strangways says that he had regularly sold himself out to one of them d-d seesh woman spies! It's the old Marc Antony business over again."

"Now I think of it," said the younger subaltern, "he did seem mighty taken with one of those quadroons or mulattoes he issued orders against—I suppose that was a blind for us! I remember the first day he saw her; he was regularly keen to know all about her."

Maj. Curtis gave a short laugh. "That mulatto, Martin, was a white woman, burnt-corked! She was trying to get through the lines last night and fell off a wall, or got a knock on the head from a sentry's carbine. When she was brought in Dr. Simmons set to washing the blood off her face the cork came off, and the whole thing came out. Brant hushed it up—and the woman, too—in his own quarters! It's supposed now that she got away somehow in the rush!"

"It goes back further than that, gentlemen," said the adjutant, authoritatively. "They say his wife was a lowly secessionist four years ago in California, was mixed up in a conspiracy, and he had to leave on account of it. Look how thick he and that Miss Faulkner became before he helped her off!"

"That's your jealousy, Tommy; she knew he was, by all odds, the biggest man here, and a good deal more, too—and you had no show!"

In the laugh that followed it would seem that Brant's eulogy had been spoken and forgotten. But as Lieut. Martin was turning away a lingering corporal touched his cap.

"You were speaking of those prowling mulattoes, sir. You know the general passed one out this morning."

"So I have heard."

"I reckon she didn't get very far. It was just at the time that we were driven in by their first fire, and I think she got her share of it, too. Do you mind walking this way, sir?"

The lieutenant did not mind, although he rather languidly followed. When they had reached the top of the gully the corporal pointed to what seemed to be a bit of striped calico hanging on a thorn bush in the ravine.

"That's her," said the corporal. "I know the dress. I was on guard when she was passed. The searchers, who were picking up our men, haven't got to her yet—but she ain't moved or stirred these two hours. Would you like to go down and see her?"

The lieutenant hesitated. He was young and slightly fastidious as to unnecessary unpleasantness. He believed he would wait until the searchers brought her up—when the corporal might call him.

The mist came up gloriously from the swamp like a golden halo. And as Clarence Brant, already forgotten, rode moodily through it toward Washington, hugging to his heart the solitary comfort of his great sacrifice, his wife, Alice Brant, for whom he had made it, was lying in the ravine, dead and uncared for. Perhaps it was part of the inconsistency of her sex that she was pierced with the bullets of those that she loved, and was wearing the garments of the race that she had wronged.

PART III. CHAPTER I.

It was sunset of a hot day at Washington. Even at that hour the broad avenues which diverged from the capitol like the rays of another sun were fierce and glittering. The sterile distances between glowed more cruelly than ever, and pedestrians, keeping in the scant shade, hesitated on the curbstone before plunging into the Sahara-like waste of crossings. The city seemed deserted. Even that vast army of contractors, speculators, place-hunters and lobbyists, which hung on the heels of the other army, and had turned this pacific camp of the nation into a battlefield of ignoble conflict and contention—more disastrous than the one to the south—had slunk into their holes in hotel back bedrooms, in study barrooms, or in the negro quarters of Georgetown, as if the majestic, white-robed goddess, enthroned upon the dome of the capitol, had at last descended among them, and was waiting to fight and let with her

hat and flash of her insufferable sword. Into this stifling atmosphere of greed and corruption Clarence Brant stepped from the shadow of the war department. For the last three weeks he had haunted its anterooms and audience chambers, in the vain hope of righting himself before his superiors, who were content, without formulating charges against him, to keep him in this disgrace of inaction and the anxiety of suspense. Unable to ascertain the details of the accusation, and conscious of his own secret, he was debared the last resort of demanding a court-martial, which he knew could only exonerate him by the exposure of the guilt of his wife, whom he still hoped had safely escaped. His division commander, in active operations in the field, had no time to help him at Washington. Elbowed aside by greedy contractors, forestalled by selfish politicians and disdainful the ordinary method of influence, he had no friend to turn to. In his few years of campaigning he had lost his instinct of diplomacy without acquiring a soldier's bluntness.

The nearly level rays of the sun forced him at last to turn aside into one of the openings of a large building—a famous caravansary of that hotel-haunted capital—and he presently found himself in the luxurious barroom, fragrant with mint and cool with ice slabs, piled symmetrically on its marble counters. A few groups of men were seeking coolness at the small tables, with glasses before them and palm-leaf fans in their hands, but a larger and noisier assemblage was collected before the bar, where a man, collarless and in his shirt sleeves, with his back to the counter, was pretentiously addressing them. Brant, who had moodily dropped into a chair in the corner, after ordering a cooling drink as an excuse for his temporary refuge from the stifling street, half regretted his enforced participation in their conviviality. But a sudden lowering of the speaker's voice into a note of gloomy significance, seemed familiar to him. He glanced at him quickly, from the shadow of his corner. He was not mistaken—it was Jim Hooker.

For the first time in his life, Brant wished to evade him. In the days of his own prosperity his heart had always gone out towards this old companion of his boyhood; in his present humiliation his presence jarred upon him. He would have slipped away, but to do so he would have had to pass before the counter again, and Hooker, with the self-consciousness of a storyteller, had an eye on his audience. Brant, with a palm leaf fan before his face, was obliged to listen.

"Yes, gentlemen," said Hooker, examining his glass dramatically. "When a man's been cooped up in a rebel prison, with a death line before him that he's obliged to cross every time he wants a square drink, it seems sort of like a dream of his boyhood to be standin' here comf'ble before his liquor, alongside o' white men once more. And when he knows he's bin put to all that trouble jest to save the reputation of another man, and the secrets of a few high and mighty ones, it's almost enough to make his liquor go agin him!" He stopped theatrically, seemed to choke emotionally over his brandy smash, but with a pause of dramatic determination finally dashed it down. "No, gentlemen," he continued, gloomily. "I don't say what I'm back in Washington for—I don't say what I've bin sayin' to myself when I've bin pickin' the weevils out my biscuits in Libby prison—but if you don't see some pretty big men in the war department obliged to climb down in the next few days my name ain't Jim Hooker, of Hooker, Meecham & Co., army beef contractors, and the man who saved the fight at Gray Oaks!"

The smile of satisfaction that went around his audience—an audience quick to seize the weakness of any performance—might have startled a vanity less oblivious than Hooker's, but it only aroused Brant's indignation and pity, and made his position still more intolerable. But Hooker, scornfully expectorating a thin stream of tobacco juice against the spittoon, remained for an instant gloomily silent.

"Tell us about the fight again," said a smiling auditor.

Hooker looked around the room with a certain dark suspiciousness, and then in an affected lower voice, which his theatrical experience made perfectly audible, went on: "It ain't much to speak of, and if it wasn't for the principle of the thing I wouldn't be talkin'. A man who's seen Injin fightin' don't go much on this here West Point fightin' by rule-of-three—but that ain't here or there. Well, I'd bin out-a-scoutin'—just to help the boys along, and I was sittin' in my wagon about day-break, when along comes a brigadier general, and he looks into the wagon flap. I oughter to tell you first, gentlemen, that every minit he was expectin' an attack—but he didn't let on a hint of it to me. 'How are you, Jim?' says he. 'How are you, general?' says I. 'Would you mind lendin' me your coat and hat?' says he. 'I've got a little game here with my pickets, and I don't want to be recognized.' 'Anything to oblige, general,' says I, and with that I strips off my coat and hat, and he peels and puts them on. 'Nearly the same figure, Jim?' he says, lookin' at me. 'Suppose you just try on my things and see.' With that he hands me his

me! And the next minute we was in the thick of it. I had my hat as full of holes as that ice strainer; I had a dozen bullets through my coat, the fringe of my epaulettes was shot away, but I kept the boys at their work—and we stopped 'em! Stopped 'em, gentlemen! until we heard the bugles of the rest of our division, that all this time had been rolling that blasted rear guard over on us! And it saved the fight! But the next minute the Johnny Reds made a last dash and cut me off—and there I was—by G—, a prisoner! Me that had saved the fight!"

A ripple of ironical applause went round as Hooker gloomily drained his glass and then held up his hand in scornful deprecation. coat—full uniform, by God—with the little gold cords and laces and the epaulettes with a star, and I puts it on—quite innocent like. And then he says, handin' me his sword and belt. 'Some inches round the waist, too, I reckon,' and I puts that on, too. 'You may as well keep 'em on till I come back,' says he, 'for it's mighty damp and malarious at this time around the swamp.' And with that he lights out. Well, gentlemen, I hadn't sat there five minutes before bang! bang! rattle! rattle! ker-shia! and I hear a yell. I steps out on the wagon; everything's quite dark, but the rattle goes on. Then along trots an orderly leadin' a horse. 'Mount, general,' he says. 'We're attacked—the rear guard's on us!'

He paused, looked around his audience and then in a lower voice said, darkly: "I ain't a fool, gentlemen, and in that minute a man's brain works at high pressure, and I saw it all! I saw the little game of the brigadier—stunk away in my clothes and leave me to be captured in his. But I ain't a dog, neither, and I mounted that horse, gentlemen, and lit out to where the men were formin'! I didn't dare to speak lest they should know me, but I waved my sword, and by G—! they followed (To be continued.)

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R. M. PAYNE,
Administrator.

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